

THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT
OF EXPRESSION

BY
MARY A. BLOOD, A. M., AND IDA MOREY RILEY, O. M.
FOUNDERS OF THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION, CHICAGO
FORMERLY COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY

A COMPILATION OF SELECTIONS FOR USE IN THE
STUDY OF EXPRESSION

IN FOUR VOLUMES
ELEVENTH EDITION

VOL. I

CHICAGO
THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION
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CHICAGO

TO THE
STUDENTS AND FRIENDS
OF THE
COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY,
WHOSE APPRECIATION, HELPFULNESS AND LOYALTY
HAVE MADE THE SCHOOL A SUCCESS,
THESE VOLUMES ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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SCHEME OF THE FOUR VOLUMES OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF EXPRESSION.

VOLUME.	CHAPTER.	HEADINGS OF THE CHAPTERS.	DESIRED ACTION OF THE STUDENT'S MIND.	DESIRED EFFECT UPON STUDENT'S RENDERING.
VOLUME I.	1	Intellect — Thought Conception.	The seeing of images while speaking.	Expression as distinct from statement of fact.
	2	Emotion — Egoistic.	Experiencing emotion while speaking.	Emotional quality. Naturalness.
	3	Will — Directness.	Purposing to communicate the message to his audience.	Comparative directness. Simple colloquial form.
	4	Physique — Animation.	(All the previous actions intensified through physical stimulus.)	Animation. Stronger effects, vocal and physical.
VOLUME II.	1	Intellect — Vividness.	Imaging more vividly and more in detail.	Intellectual quality and Reality.
	2	Emotion — Altruistic.	Sympathizing.	Sympathetic quality. Greater richness of voice.
	3	Will — Commanding Attention.	Purposing to command the attention of the audience.	Improved articulation and the addition of the personal element.
	4	Physique — Vigor.	(The effect of the three previous chapters heightened.)	Greater intensity of expression.
	1	Intellect — Relative Thought Values.	Comprehension of thoughts as wholes, of the relation of their parts to each other, and to the whole.	Light and shade. Certainty.

2	Emotion — Æsthetic.	Realizing the beautiful, especially of the commonplace.	Increased beauty of form. Resonance of voice and tone color.
3	Will — Purpose.	Realizing and fulfilling the author's purpose while rendering.	Coherence, steadiness and momentum.
4	Physique — Psycho-Physical Response.	(Increased alertness of all the faculties employed.)	Greater expressiveness of body and consequently of voice.
1	Intellect — Suggested Thought.	Comprehending expressed and <i>implied</i> thought.	Suggestiveness.
2	Emotion — Moral.	Experiencing lofty heights of emotion.	Atmosphere.
3	Will — Influencing to Action.	Purposing to move the audience to act.	Momentum, brilliancy, power.
4	Physique — Fervor.	Experiencing fervent feeling.	Radiation through body and voice.

Though making the three departments of mind with their functions — intellectual, emotional and volitional — the basis of the scheme of these volumes, the compilers are not committed to the old psychology which pigeon-holed the mind into its separate faculties. But the most radical believer in the "stream of consciousness" theory, etc., must yet admit that we have literature which tends toward the intellectual quality, the emotional quality, and the purposeful quality, and that true rendering must contain the same qualities. This triple division of mind is certainly a very convenient classification for the teacher of expression.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Expression has to do with the whole man. In this art thoughts, emotions and purposes form the content, while the body and voice present the form.

A noble body and a beautiful voice can only express what the mind can comprehend and feel. If the mind is not capable of the highest thought and deepest feeling there can not be sufficient stimulus to arouse the muscles of voice and gesture in a manner to express the highest and deepest.

Then, in order that the student may reach his greatest possibilities in expression, besides having the voice and body cultivated to the highest perfection, he must have the mind enriched in all its departments and strengthened in all its processes. While it is true that all mental culture contributes to success in this highest of the arts, it is also true that a special kind of mental training is necessary for expression.

It is the purpose of these volumes to outline one method of training the adult mind for expression and to furnish such literature as it is thought will best aid in this development. In the arrangement of steps it has been deemed expedient to follow the order of mental development in the child which is identical with the order of stimulation in any given expression of the adult; to work for the development of the intellect, the emotions, and the will respectively. To develop each of these successively in

their simpler and earlier manifestations, using corresponding literature, is the work outlined for the first volume.

It should be explained at this point that because there is such a dearth of animated expression, and because this quality is one of the most valuable and effective, one step in the four of each volume has been devoted to intensifying the expression. No new mental requirement is made, but by the aid of strong and inspiring literature, the student is so aroused that his body will respond adequately to his thought.

It is not possible in the space of the present series to furnish material for the systematic cultivation of every phase of the triple mental nature, nor would there be time in the course of study, were there necessity for their development, but place has been given to the most important of the states of consciousness.

This has been done in recognition of the truth that the peerless art of oratory requires the consecration of our highest faculties—that its possibilities have never been realized and never will be realized until man's limitations are removed and he stands free. The ideal speaker will never appear until we see the intellect of a Socrates, the feeling of a Brooks and the will of a Napoleon, controlling as by an electrical touch the voice of a Mario and the body of an Apollo, for the accomplishment of purposes that are Christlike.

The compilers of these volumes are greatly indebted to Dr. C. W. Emerson, President of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, for first leading them to see the psychological side of expression and for the idea of arrang-

ing the work in progressive steps. They are further indebted to him for an example of the inspired teacher and eloquent orator.

Great gratitude is due E. E. Hale; George W. Cable; Harper & Bros.; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; J. B. Lippincott Co.; Lee & Shepherd; Chas. Scribners' Sons; and Roberts Bros. for courteous permission to use matter from their publications.

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME I.

It is to be presumed that the student who will be permitted to study the literature in these volumes has had his mental faculties all more or less developed, but no matter how high a degree of cultivation may have been his privilege, if his mental faculties have been developed without the idea of picturing their products to others, he is a child in the art of expression, and his mind will best grow in this new phase of its power in the order of his previous development.

CHAPTER I.

INTELLECT—THOUGHT CONCEPTION.

Chapter I. is a study in conception. It is the work of the teacher to stimulate the pupil's power and to supply its deficiencies by explanations and word painting. The student can not render the selections of this chapter until he has conceptions of all the objects, feelings and situations mentioned. The teacher should throw as many lights on the picture as possible. The class will be able to assist each other with word pictures because of their diversity of experiences. The picture galleries, buildings, and natural scenery of the locality may all be used to advantage in helping the student to get correct conceptions.

The end to be attained is the thinking of the author's thought after him while reading to an audience. This will result in an intellectual form in the movements of the

voice as distinguished from the voice in mechanical or semi-mechanical reading.

The literature of this chapter has been chosen for its simple character, and it is thought it contains nothing that the average student cannot apprehend. It is not expected at this stage of his work that he will be able to comprehend even these simple thoughts while on his feet speaking to his audience.

CHAPTER II.

EGOISTIC EMOTION—APPROXIMATE ABANDON.

In the preceding chapter the emotions have been enkindled to a certain extent, but now the entire energy of the teacher and pupil should be directed toward this end.

The teacher should arouse the emotions at any cost. The systematic expression of the higher emotions will bring great beauty, but this must not be demanded nor expected at this stage. All that the teacher may hope to accomplish in this chapter is the opening of the channels of emotional expression in the taciturn or phlegmatic and a combination of the intellectual quality with the emotional in the reading of the responsive or impulsive pupil.

The emotions to be aroused in this chapter are the egoistic, and therefore the earliest in order of development. They are simple feelings that most have experienced and that all may be led to realize.

The effect will be a greater bravery in expression and an added richness and flexibility of voice.

CHAPTER III.

WILL—DIRECTNESS.

It is the purpose of this chapter to develop the will with reference to the audience. In the beginning the average student expresses very little while before an audience, and when he does begin to show emotion it is personal and not directed toward the hearers. He should now be required to talk to some one, the teacher or a classmate only at first, and later the whole class. This results in directness and the colloquial style, and incidentally in better articulation, for directness is the outgrowth of clear thinking, and clear thinking is one great cause of perfection in the form of words.

This step, fully mastered, will insure the student against any absurd extravagances of speech.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSIQUE—ANIMATION.

The results of this chapter differ from those of the preceding in intensity of expression. As all expression is the effect of mind on body, so truly animated expression is the result of an excited state of mind. The student must be interested in the selection, must enjoy and appreciate it.

To develop the life which is the end of this chapter, and to be able to distinguish the real from the counterfeit, which is merely a physical matter, are among the teacher's greatest difficulties. He must possess keen perception of the meaning of tones and inflections and a mind instantaneously responsive to the impressions of the selection. He

must, in short, be at white heat, that he may fire the imagination of the student and inspire him to express

The literature has been chosen for its inspiring nature.

This didactic introduction and these hints have been added in the hope that these volumes may be of use to many teachers who, though untrained in this particular system, or in any system of expression, are earnestly striving by their teaching of reading to open before their pupils the literary riches and beauty lying behind the printed symbols.

CHAPTER I.

INTELLECT—THOUGHT CONCEPTION.

* THE REVELATION OF A STONE.

1. Did you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges,—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, “It’s done brown by this time”? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over!

2. Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny shelled,—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like *Lepine* watches; black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage coaches; motionless, slug-

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like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in their infernal wiggle of maturity!

3. But no sooner is the stone turned and the whole-some light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush around wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine.

4. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

5. There is meaning in each of those images,—the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one.

6. The next year stands for the coming time. Then

shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of new born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted. You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood, without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population under it.

O. W. HOLMES.

THE PICKWICKIANS TAKE A DRIVE.

PART I.

1. Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare, and the appetites of its consumers.

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

2. "Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—crossroad—post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir.—Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

3. "Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking toward Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle-horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill: but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

4. Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travelers ascended to their respective bed-rooms, to

prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

5. Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

6. It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. A hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

“Bless my soul!” said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. “Bless my soul! who’s to drive? I never thought of that.”

7. “Oh! you, of course,” said Mr. Tupman.

“Of course,” said Mr. Snodgrass.

“I!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

“Not the slightest fear, sir,” interposed the hostler. “Warrant him quiet, sir: a hinfant in arms might drive him.”

“He don’t shy, does he?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“Shy, sir? He wouldn’t shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off.” •

8. The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbons." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

9. "Wo—o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo—o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head hostler, encouragingly; "jist kitch hold on him Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

10. "T'other side, sir, if you please."

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

11. "Let 'em go," cried the hostler,—“Hold him in, sir,” and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

“What makes him go sideways?” said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

12. “I can’t imagine,” replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

THE PICKWICKIANS TAKE A DRIVE.

PART II.

1. Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a by-stander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and

then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

2. "What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this maneuver for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

3. "Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

4. Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr.

Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

5. "Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly—"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

6. "What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turn-pike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

7. Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and, having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle. •

8. The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing toward him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward.

9. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

10. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, sep-

arated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

11. The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

CHAS. DICKENS.

* SUMMER STORM.

Untremulous in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clavier of the unseen midge;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases,
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases
In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep,
A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.

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II.

On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses
 Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide,
 Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
 Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide
 Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side;
 But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,
 Climbs a great cloud, edged with sun-whitened spray;
 Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,
 And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs alway.

III.

Suddenly all the sky is hid
 As with the shutting of a lid,
 One by one great drops are falling
 Doubtful and slow,
 Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
 And the wind breathes low;
 Slowly the circles widen on the river,
 Widen and mingle, one and all;
 Here and there the slender flowers shiver.
 Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

IV.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
 The wind is gathering in the west;
 The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
 Then droop to a fitful rest;
 Up from the stream with a sluggish flap
 Struggles the gull and floats away;

Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap,—

We shall not see the sun go down to-day:
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,

And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
The startled river turns leaden and harsh.

You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

V.

Look! Look! that livid flash!

And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,

Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the Earth which crouches in silence under;

And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape mile by mile;

For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile.

That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun parched roof;

VI.

Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,

The blue lightning flashes,

The rapid hail clashes,

The white waves are tumbling,

And, in one baffled roar,

Like the toothless sea mumbling

A rock-bristled shore,

The thunder is rumbling

And crashing and crumbling,—

Will silence return never more?

VII.

Hush ! Still as death,
The tempest holds his breath
As from a sudden will;
The rain stops short, but from the eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,
All is so bodingly still;
Again, now, now, again
Plashes the rain in heavy gout,
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening,
And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle song,—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence, dead and dull,
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,
And then a total lull.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

* AN UNFORTUNATE EXPERIMENT.

1. I am, or rather was, a minister, of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

2. Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping.

3. The misery was and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community. They were the duties which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision.

4. I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws.

Crazed by this duality of life, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a Double.

5. I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer, and we rode out one day to the great Monson

*By permission of E. E. Hale and Roberts Bros. From "My Double and How He Undid Me."

Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls when my destiny was fulfilled!

6. He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And—choicest gift of Fate in all—he had a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. So have I! My fate was sealed!

7. A word with Mr. Holley, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless. Before I left Stafford, I had hired him for five years. We had applied to Judge Pyncheon to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. So when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good right as I.

8. O, the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine and teaching him how to wear and how to take off goldbowed spectacles! Then in four successive afternoons, I taught him four speeches. And at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air,—

9. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

In reply to a compliment upon a sermon:—"I am very glad you liked it."

The third was this:—"There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time longer."

And lastly:—"I agree, in general, with my friend on the other side of the room."

10. I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. My double was the sixty-seventh man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! He found the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were members *ex-officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On Dennis's entrance all was changed.

11. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the Western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little *unpunctual*,—and Dennis returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I.

12. I "set him again" at the exhibition of the New Coventry Academy; and here he undertook a "speaking part." He arrived early on Tuesday, and returned in the evening to us, covered with honors. He had dined at the right hand of the chairman, and he spoke in high terms of the repast.

13. At the end of the day, the gentlemen present had been called upon for speeches,—the Rev. Frederic Ingham first, as it happened; upon which Dennis had risen, and had said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time longer." The girls were delighted, and declared Mr. Ingham was a love,—and so handsome! (Dennis is good-looking.)

14. After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me. And I, meanwhile, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham's a good fellow,—always on hand"; "never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time"; "is not as unpunctual as he used to be,—he comes early, and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too."

15. Polly, who is more rash than I am, risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges gave his great annual party to the town, and asked us. I confessed I hated to go.

"But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the

Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges's, when they will be sure to ask why you are away!"

16. Still I demurred, and at last she let me off by saying that, if I would go in with her, and sustain the initial conversation, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper-table,—and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall.

17. I made the *grand star-entrée* with Polly. Dennis sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable, then stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, and walked home after a nod with Dennis. My double stepped in through the library into Gorges's grand saloon.

AN UNFORTUNATE EXPERIMENT.

PART II.

1. Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight. Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, and Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him courage. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the Judge's.

lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a promptu there edgewise.

2. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?"

And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica and belladonna, till she changed oysters for salad.

There was a moment's pause as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon.

3. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink at all,—except sometimes in the summer a little currant shrub,—from our own currants, you know."

4. At the end of the feast, Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4,—“I agree, in general, with my friend, the other side of the room,”—which he never should have said but at a public meeting.

5. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens excepting to understand, caught him up instantly with "Well, I'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you,—though we do worship with the Methodists*.

6. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play allfours. But, of course, she sternly refused, and at midnight

they came home delighted, with Polly wild to tell me the story of the victory.

7. But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. That happy year, I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes.

8. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools,—she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days. But all this could not last,—and at length poor Dennis, my double, undid me.

9. It was thus it happened. There was an excellent fellow, once a minister,—I will call him Isaacs, who had arranged a “movement” for a general organization of the human family into Debating-Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal.

10. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd. It came time for the annual county-meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it,—got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside, and then came to get me to speak. ~

11. "No," I said, I would not speak if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise.

"Now if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper," said poor Isaacs.

12. I consented, told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned, wild with excitement,—in a perfect Irish fury,—which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

13. What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges's name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, and opened the meeting in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he.

14. Then, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you."

Delafield had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing at the chess-club.

"The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you."

Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school-committee.

"I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word."

But Dr. Stearns said he had come to listen, not to speak.

15. The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform. The look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and piped out, "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried, "Ingham! Ingham!"

16. The Governor knew I would say something, and said, "Our friend Mr. Ingham is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word, perhaps."

Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally.

17. But the people cried, "Go on! Go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery.

18. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening. A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

19. The poor Governor doubted his senses and

crossed to stop him,—not in time, however. The same gallery-boy shouted, “How’s your mother?” and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last shot, No. 1, vainly: “Very well, thank you; and you?”

20. The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight, to come down and do so,—stating, that they were all dogs and cowards and the sons of dogs and cowards,—that he would take any five of them, single-handed. “Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Mistress bade me say,” cried he, in defiance; and, seizing the Governor’s cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head.

21. The universal impression, of course, was, that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I have been laboring to destroy. At this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. And I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No! My double has undone me.

E. E. HALE.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING

Day!

--

Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay:
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the
world.

II.

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to, or gifts above
measure),
One of thy choices, or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee, or freaks at thy
pleasure)—

My Day, if I squander such labour or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me !

III.

Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—
Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, going,
In which earth turns from work in gamesome mood—
All shall be mine ! But thou must treat me not
As the prosperous are treated, those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;

IV.

For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa—old-year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow:
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,
Get more joy one way, if another, less:
Thou art my single day God lends to leaven
What were all earth else with a feel of heaven;

V.

And here I let time slip for nought !
Aha, you foolhardy sunbeams caught
With a single splash from my ewer !

You that would mock the best pursuer
Was my basin overdeep?
One splash of water ruins you asleep,
And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits
Wheeling and counter wheeling,
Reeling, broken beyond healing—
Now grow together on the ceiling!
That will task your wits.
Whoever it was quenched fire first, hoped to see
Morsel after morsel flee
As merrily, as giddily—
Meantime, what lights my sunbeam on?
Where settles by degrees the radiant cripple?
Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?

VI.

Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the ripple
Of ocean, bud there, fairies watch unroll
Such turban-flowers; I say, such lamps disperse
Thick red flame through that dusk green universe!
I am queen of thee, floweret;
And each fleshy blossom
Preserve I not—safer
Than leaves that embower it.
Or shells that embosom—
From weevil and chafer?
Laugh through my pane, then; solicit the bee;
Gibe him, be sure; and, in midst of thy glee,
Love thy queen, worship me!

VII.

Worship whom else? For am I not, this day,
 Whate'er I please? What shall I please to-day?
 My morning, noon, eve, night—how spend my day?
 To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds silk,
 The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk:
 But, this one day, I have leave to go,
 And play out my fancy's fullest games,
 I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
 That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
 Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

ORGAN MUSIC.

1. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time and all was hushed.

The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place, —

“For in the silent grave no conversation,
 No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
 No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
 For nothing is, but all oblivion,
 Dust, and an endless darkness.”

2. Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled

intensity, and rolling, as it were huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!

3. And now they rise in triumphant acclamation heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.—And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out in sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven.

4. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed.

5. And now it is winding up in full jubilee; it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony! I sat for some time, lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt, at times, to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me, and the distant clock gave token of the slowly waning day.

CHAPTER II.

EGOISTIC EMOTION—APPROXIMATE ABANDON.

MRS. CAUDLE URGING THE NEED OF SPRING CLOTHING.

1. If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is, asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me. *What do I want now?* As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me, gracious knows! What do you say? *If it's painful why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club-jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

2. Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh! Caudle how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinos and beaver bonnets?

3. What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll

tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May?" *You didn't see it!* The more shame for you! I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say! *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it!

4. *I'm always wanting money for clothes?* How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

5. *How much money do I want?* Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and——What do you say? *I needn't count 'em?* *You know how many there are?* That's just the way you take me up! *Well, how much money will it take?* Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though

I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

6. *How much?* Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What! *You won't give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

7. What do you say? *Ten pounds enough?* Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want frocks and bonnets?* How do you know what they want? How should a man know any thing at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you—no sir!

8. No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths,—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them

as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any; or not a farthing! No, sir; no,—I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to maké 'm respectable. What do you say? *You'll give me fifteen pounds?* No, Caudle, no, not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it twenty pounds will hardly do.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE FEZZIWIG BALL.

1. "Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

2. "Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't

have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

3. In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress.

4. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way, down the middle and up again, round and round in various stages of grouping, old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple start-

ing off again, as soon as they got there, all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!"

5. There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of a man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

6. But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would have become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to

your partner, bow and curtsy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut" —cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

7. When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back shop.

CHAS. DICKENS.

* MARY'S NIGHT RIDE.

1. Mary Richling, the heroine of the story, was the wife of John Richling, a resident of New Orleans. At the breaking out of the Civil War she went to visit her parents in Milwaukee. About the time of the bombardment of New Orleans she received news of the dangerous illness of her husband, and she decided at once to reach his bedside, if possible. Taking with her, her baby daughter, a child of three years, she proceeded southward, where, after several unsuccessful attempts to secure a pass, she finally determined to break through the lines.

2. About the middle of the night Mary Richling was

*From "Dr. Sevier," by permission of Mr. Geo. W. Cable and the publishers, Chas. Scribners' Sons.

sitting very still and upright on a large, dark horse that stood champing his Mexican bit in the black shadow of a great oak. Alice rested before her, fast asleep against her bosom. Mary held by the bridle another horse, whose naked saddle-tree was empty. A few steps in front of her the light of the full moon shone almost straight down upon a narrow road that just there emerged from the shadow of woods on either side, and divided into a main right fork and a much smaller one that curved around to Mary's left. Off in the direction of the main fork the sky was all aglow with camp fires. Only just here on the left there was a cool and grateful darkness.

3. She lifted her head alertly. A twig crackled under a tread, and the next moment a man came out of the bushes at the left, and without a word took the bridle of the led horse from her fingers and vaulted into the saddle. The hand that rested a moment on the cantle as he rose grasped a "navy six." He was dressed in dull homespun, but he was the same who had been dressed in blue. He turned his horse and led the way down the lesser road.

4. "If we'd of gone three hundred yards further," he whispered, falling back and smiling broadly, "we'd 'a' run into the pickets. I went nigh enough to see the videttes settin' on their hosses in the main road. This here aint no road; it just goes up to a nigger quarters. I've got one o' the niggers to show us the way."

5. "Where is he?" whispered Mary; but before her companion could answer, a tattered form moved from behind a bush a little in advance and started ahead in the path, walking and beckoning. Presently they turned into a clear, open forest, and followed the long, rapid, swinging stride of the negro for nearly an hour. Then they halted on the bank of a deep, narrow stream. The negro made a motion for them to keep well to the right when they should enter the water. The white man softly lifted Alice to his arms, directed and assisted Mary to kneel in her saddle, with her skirts gathered carefully under her, and so they went down into the cold stream, the negro first, with arms outstretched above the flood; then Mary, and then the white man,—or, let us say plainly, the spy—with the unawakened child on his breast. And so they rose out of it on the farther side without a shoe or garment wet, save the rags of their dark guide.

6. Again they followed him, along a line of stake-and-rider fence, with the woods on one side and the bright moonlight flooding a field of young cotton on the other. Now they heard the distant baying of house-dogs, now the doleful call of the chuck-will's widow, and once Mary's blood turned, for an instant, to ice at the unearthly shriek of the hoot owl just above her head. At length they found themselves in a dim, narrow road, and the negro stopped.

7. "Dess keep dish yeh road fo' 'bout half mile, an'

you strak 'pon de broad, main road. Tek de right, an' you go whah yo' fancy tek you."

"Good-bye," whispered Mary.

"Good-bye, Miss," said the negro, in the same low voice; "good-bye boss; don't you fo'git you promise tek me thoo to de Yankee' when you come back. I 'feered you gwine fo'git it, boss."

8. The spy said he would not, and they left him. The half-mile was soon passed, though it turned out to be a mile and a half, and at length Mary's companion looked back as they rode single file with Mary in the rear, and said softly:

"There's the road," pointing at its broad pale line with his six-shooter.

9. As they entered it and turned to the right, Mary with Alice again in her arms, moved somewhat ahead of her companion, her indifferent horsemanship having compelled him to drop back to avoid a prickly bush. His horse was just quickening his pace to regain the lost position, when a man sprang up from the ground on the farther side of the highway, snatched a carbine from the earth and cried: "Halt!"

The dark recumbent forms of six or eight others could be seen, enveloped in their blankets, lying about a few red coals. Mary turned a frightened look backward and met the eyes of her companion.

10. "Move a little faster," said he, in a low, clear voice. As she promptly did so she heard him answer, the challenge, as his horse trotted softly after hers.

"Don't stop us, my friend; we're taking a sick child to the doctor."

"Halt, you hound!" the cry rang out; and as Mary glanced back three or four men were just leaping into the road. But she saw also her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups with the stoop of his shoulders all gone and wildly cry:

"Go!"

11. She smote the horse and flew. Alice woke and screamed.

"Hush, my darling" said the mother, laying on the withe; "mamma's here. Hush, darling, mamma's here. Don't be frightened, darling baby. O God, spare my child!" and away she sped.

The report of a carbine rang out and went rolling away in a thousand echoes through the wood. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minie-ball. At the same moment she recognized, once,—twice,—thrice,—just at her back where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering—the tart rejoinders of his navy six.

12. "Go!" he cried again. "Lay low! lay low! cover the child!" But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouched over the crying, clinging child, with slackened rein and fluttering dress, with sun-bonnet and loosened hair blown back upon her shoulders, with lips compressed and silent

prayers, Mary was riding for life, liberty and her husband's bedside.

13. "O mamma, mamma," wailed the terrified little one.

"Go on! go on!" cried the voice behind; "they're —saddling up! Go! go! We're goin' to make it! We're going to make it! Go-o-o!"

And they made it!

GEO. W. CABLE.

THE RIVALS.

ACT II. PART OF SCENE I.

Captain Absolute. Now for a parental lecture — I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here. — I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! — your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. — What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. — Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. — Now, Jack. I am sensible that the income* of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. — I have resolved therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. — Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you — settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Ay, a wife — why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Odd so! I musn't forget her, though — Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by a marriage — the fortune is saddled with a wife — but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir! sir! you amaze me!

Sir A. Why, what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir, — you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A. Why — what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir? — Come give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Harkye, Jack! — I have heard you for some time with patience — I have been cool — quite cool; but take care — you know I am compliance itself — when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led — when I have my own way; — but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it — in this, I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now, hang me if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word! — not a word! — not one word! so give me your promise by a nod — and I'll tell you what, Jack — I mean you dog — if you don't, by——

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness?

Sir A. Zounds! Sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as

I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent;—she shall have a skin like a mummy—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night, to write sonnets on her beauty. •

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy, no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion sir! none of your violence, if you please—it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog—but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word——

Sir A. So, you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me?—What good can passion do?—passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, over-bearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again!—don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last—but mark!—I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you, I

may in time forgive you — If not, zounds ! don't enter the same hemisphere with me ! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own ! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you; I'll disinherit you; and, hang me ! if I ever call you Jack again !

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father ! I kiss your hand.

* EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.

I.

Pleasantly rose one morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.

II.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,

Come in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

*By arrangement with and permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the
young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous
meadows
Where no path could be seen •but the track of wheels in
the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the
highway.

III.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were
silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups
at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-
gether.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers to-
gether,
All things were held in common, and what one had was
another's.

IV.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the
notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

V.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the
 bee-hives,
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts
 and of waistcoats.
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on
 his snow-white
 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the
 fiddler
 Glowed like a living coal-when the ashes are blown from
 the embers.

VI.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying
 dances
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the mead-
 ows,
 Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
 them.

VII.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
 sonorous
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a
 drum beat.
 Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without,
 in the church-yard,
 Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung
 on the head-stones
 Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the
 forest.

VIII.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly
among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and
casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps
of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-
mission.

IX.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s
orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have an-
swered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my
temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be
grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our
monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of
all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from
this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell
there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's
 pleasure!"

X.

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of
 summer,
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the
 hailstones
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his
 windows,
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from
 the house-roofs,
 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclos-
 ures;
 So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
 speaker.

XI.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
 then rose
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
 doorway.
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce impre-
 cations
 Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads
 of the others
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the black-
 smith,
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

XII.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and
wildly he shouted,—
“Down with the tyrants of, England! we never have
sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes
and our harvests!”
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of
a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to
the pavement.

XIII.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the
altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into
silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and
mournful
Spake, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock
strikes.

XIV.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what madness
has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and
privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgive-
ness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you
profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred? "

xv.

Few were his words of rebuke; but deep in the hearts of
his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passion-
ate outbreak;

And they repeated his prayer and said, "O Father, for-
give them !"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

* THE RISING IN 1776.

Out of the north the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,

The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun

Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

II.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

III.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool !
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

IV.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,

He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
“The Lord of hosts ‘shall arm the right!’”

V.

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake,
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

VI.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside.
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

VII.

A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, “ Cease, traitor! cease!
God’s temple is the house of peace!”

The other shouted, “ Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers,

That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom’s day,
There is a time to fight and pray!”

VIII.

And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet’s sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o’er and o’er,
Its long reverberating blow,

So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne’er before;
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, “ WAR! WAR! WAR!”

IX.

‘Who dares’—this was the patriot’s cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
“Come out with me, in Freedom’s name,
For her to live, for her to die?”
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered “I!”

T. B. READ.

THE CRATCHIT DINNER.

1. Then up rose Mrs Cratchit, Cratchit’s wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.

2. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker’s they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

3. “What has ever got your precious father then?” said Mrs. Cratchit. “And your brother, Tiny Tim!

And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour?"

4. "Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

5. "We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

6. "No no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

"So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

7. "Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

8. Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

9. "And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

10. "As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

11. Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was, growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire.

12. Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

13. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

14. There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed as Mrs. Cratchit said with

great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

15. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

16. Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

17. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the

quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

18. At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily.

CHARLES DICKENS.

*THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS.

1. A mile and a-half, it may be two miles, south-east of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain. At the side farthest from the town, close under a bluff, there was an extensive *mārah*, or sheepcot, ages old. In some long-forgotten foray, the building had been unroofed and almost demolished. The inclosure attached to it remained intact, however, and that was of more importance to the shepherds who drove their charges thither than the house itself.

2. The stone wall around the lot was high as a man's head, yet not so high but that sometimes a

panther or a lion, hungering from the wilderness, leaped boldly in. On the inner side of the wall, and as an additional security against the constant danger, a hedge of the *rhamnus* had been planted, an invention so successful that now a sparrow could hardly penetrate the overtopping branches, armed as they were with great clusters of thorns hard as spikes.

When the sun went down, they led the way to the *mārāh*, and by nightfall had everything safe in the field; then they kindled a fire down by the gate, partook of their humble supper, and sat down to rest and talk, leaving one on watch.

3. There were six of these men, omitting the watchman; and afterwhile they assembled in a group near the fire, some sitting, some lying prone. As they went bareheaded habitually, their hair stood out in thick, coarse, sunburnt shocks; their beard covered their throats, and fell in mats down the breast; mantles of the skin of kids and lambs, with the fleece on, wrapped them from neck to knee, leaving the arms exposed; broad belts girthed the rude garments to their waists; their sandals were of the coarsest quality; from their right shoulders hung srips, containing food and selected stones for slings, with which they were armed; on the ground near each one lay his crook, a symbol of his calling, and a weapon of defence.

4. Such were the shepherds of Judea! In appearance, rough and savage as the gaunt dogs sitting with them around the blaze; in fact, simple minded, tender

hearted; effects due, in part, to the primitive life they led, but chiefly to their constant care of things lovable and helpless. Rude and simple as they were, they had a knowledge and a wisdom of their own and a firm belief in the one God, and that they must love Him with all their souls.

While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he had sat.

5. The night, like the most nights of the winter season in the hill country, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

6. By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked; at times he stopped, attracted by a stir among the sleeping herds, or by a jackal's cry off on the mountain side. The midnight was slow coming to him; but at last it came. His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children! He moved towards the fire, but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited breathlessly.

7. The light deepened; things before invisible, came to view; he saw the whole field and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air — a chill of fear — smote him. He looked up; the stars were gone;

the light was dropping as from a window in the sky; as he looked it became a splendor; then in terror, he cried,

“Awake, awake!”

Up sprang the dogs, and, howling, ran away.

The herds rushed together bewildered.

8. The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

“What is it?” they asked, in one voice.

“See!” cried the watchman, “the sky is on fire!”

Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees; then, as their souls shrank with fear, they fell upon their faces blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them:

“Fear not!”

And they listened.

“Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.”

9. The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their being, and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees, and, looking worshipfully, beheld in the centre of a great glory the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings, shining and folded; a star over its forehead glowed with steady lustre, brilliant as Hesperus; its hands were stretched towards them in blessing; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

10. They had often heard, and, in their simple way, talked, of angels; and they doubted not now, but said, in their hearts, The glory of God is about us, and this is he who of old came to the prophet by the river of Ulai.

Directly the angel continued:

“For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!”

11. Again there was a rest, while the words sank into their minds.

“And this shall be a sign unto you,” the annunciator said next. “Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger.”

12. The herald spoke not again; his good tidings were told; yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light, of which he seemed the centre, turned roseate and began to tremble; then up, far as the men could see, there was flashing of white wings, and coming and going of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison:

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!”

Not once the praise, but many times.

13. Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off; his wings stirred, and spread slowly and majestically, on their upper side white as snow, in the shadow vari-tinted, like mother-of-pearl; when they were expanded many cubits beyond his stature, he arose lightly and, without effort, floated

out of view, taking the light up with him. Long after he was gone, down from the sky fell the refrain in measure mellowed by distance, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

14. When the shepherds came fully to their senses, they stared at each other stupidly, until one of them said, "It was Gabriel, the Lord's messenger unto men."

None answered.

"Christ the Lord is born; said he not so?"

Then another recovered his voice and replied, "That is what he said. And did he not also say, in the City of David, which is our Bethlehem yonder. Let us go up and worship Him."

LEW. WALLACE.

CHAPTER III.

WILL—DIRECTNESS.

*THE POOR AND THE RICH.

I.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee

II.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could scarcely earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

III.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;

*By arrangement, with and permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

“
 IV.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labor sings;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
 A patience learned by being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
 A fellow feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

VI.

Oh rich man's son! there is a toil
 That with all others level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft white hands,—
 This is the best crop from thy lands;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

VII.

Oh poor man's son! scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

VIII.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God.
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE BOAT RACE.*

1. There was great excitement in Utopia, for there was to be a boat race between Tom Bonsall and Jack Hall, the two crack scullers of the school, to decide once for all which was the better oarsman of the two.

As Tom was to graduate this year, this was Jack's last chance to prove himself his superior.

Great preparations were made for the contest, and in order that the scullers might be perfectly fresh, the eight-oared race was fixed for the day after.

2. But great as was the excitement, it was nothing compared with what it became when, a week before the important event, Dr. Meredith announced his intention of competing for the prize himself. The report ran like wild-fire through the school. "Have you heard the news?" every one asked his neighbor, "The Doctor is going in for the single scull against Bonsall and Hall. He hasn't rowed in a race, you know, since Whiteside crawled upon him so."

3. The very fact that the Doctor had never entered a race since then had been tacitly accepted as proof that there were no longer competitors among his pupils sufficiently formidable to render a victory on his part otherwise than easy. As to what the result of the race would be, few saw room to doubt. The Doctor was

* From Robert Grant's "Jack Hall," by permission of Charles Scribners' Sons, Publishers.

always in condition; the Doctor was always in practice; the Doctor was sure to win.

The opinion of the many was shared also by his competitors. Neither of them could hope to beat the Doctor, but they were resolved that he should not carry off the prize without pulling for all he was worth.

4. The appointed day dawned bright and still. The race had been fixed for ten o'clock. The lake was reported to be like a mirror, and the day unexceptionable from an oarsman's point of view.

Jack remained quietly until nine in his own room, from which he emerged in an overcoat worn over his boating costume, a crimson and black striped jersey, a crimson handkerchief and a nondescript pair of trousers. The Doctor and Tom had already gone down to the boat house.

5. Every boy who possessed a boat was out in it, and the water was dotted with every variety of craft from a Rob Roy canoe to the steam launch which was occupied by Mrs. Meredith, the judges, and some of the principal guests. The stand, which had been erected a few rods from the boat-house, and which was just opposite to the finish, was crowded with visitors, while the country people for miles around were ranged along the shore. It was a scene calculated to quicken the pulse of any one with a spark of enthusiasm. As for Jack, when he started to strip off his overcoat, he was trembling all over, and could feel his heart going like a trip-hammer.

6. The course was to be two miles in all; straight

away for a mile to a flagged buoy, and back again to another flagged buoy abreast of the boat-house. Stoddard of the second class was to send the contestants off by firing a pistol at the proper moment.

Jack was the last of the three to get into his boat.

"Is everything all right?" whispered Carlisle, who was bending over him holding the shell at the float. "Don't spurt until you have to, remember."

"O K," answered our hero.

7. Carlisle shoved the shell out. Jack paddled a few rods and then shot off at a comfortable pace up the lake, followed by the wistful gaze of the spectators eager to gauge his powers. He caught a glimpse of Tom Bonsall, in a white shirt with a purple star on its bosom, and a purple handkerchief bound stylishly across his forehead, resting on his oars and watching him. Jack had no idea of wasting his energies by showing off. He had time just to warm himself up a bit before the signal to get into line, and by the time he reached the starting line the Doctor and Tom were in position. According to the lots drawn that morning, Jack was to be in the middle, with Tom inside, and the Doctor outside; so he paddled in between them.

8. "Are you ready?" called Stoddard. Jack felt almost beside himself in the short interval that preceded the discharge, and his throat seemed parched.

Crack!

The three pairs of blades flashed through the water at the same moment, and neither boat seemed to gain

any decided advantage as they bounded away from the buoy amid the cheers of everybody.

“Hurrah for the Doctor!”

“Hit her up, Tom!”

“Hurrah for you, Jack!”

9. It took our hero some minutes to get his head clear enough to be able to perceive what he was doing, as compared with his opponents. He was conscious of rowing a rather quicker and more jerky stroke than usual. His eyes were misty and his throat drier than ever. The cheers of the spectators were growing fainter, and he felt that it was time to settle down to work. He made a gulp and looked about him. On his right was Tom pulling like grim death, at a rate which seemed to lift his boat almost out of the water. On the other side was the Doctor in his blue and white jersey, rowing steadily and smoothly as clock work, neck and neck with him.

10. “Softly now,” said Jack to himself. “This is too fast company for me. If Tom can keep this racket up he’ll get there first. My only chance is to let up a bit.”

Accordingly he lessened the number of strokes to the minute by making each of them longer and more sweeping, with the immediate result that he felt in better shape, and that Tom had gained no further advantage on him. But there was no let-up to Tom. He had the lead and was bent on keeping it.

They were too far off now for the shouts to reach them. Not a sound was audible to Jack but the

slight plashing of the oars in the water. Over his shoulder Tom was struggling onward, and abreast of him, pulling with apparently no effort whatever and watching alertly the movements of his rivals, could be seen the dangerous Doctor. The Doctor is pulling a waiting race evidently, and is going to let his rivals blow themselves against one another before he has an oar in the fight. He is an old hand and has seen many a race lost by too lively a pace at the start.

11. "Steady," reflects Jack, again trying to keep cool as he realizes that he has a lead over his most dangerous enemy. "Don't hit her up too lively." He appreciates the Doctor's tactics, and is not going to fall into the trap if he can help it, even though Tom, spurred on by swift pursuit, has put on more steam and is holding his own bravely. They are not far from the flagged buoy now. Jack can see it distinctly and has in mind that he must be careful to avoid a foul.

12. Tom turns first, and very cleverly too, close to the buoy so as to give no one a chance to cut in, and starts for home, but the others are at his heels and right after him. Half way, and Jack is still fresh as ever! He would like to try to press Tom, but for fear of the cool, deliberate Doctor barely astern. He remembers Carlisle's caution not to spurt until he has to, and only bends strongly and firmly to his accustomed stroke, which, however, is losing him no ground to say the least.

13. Ah there! The Doctor is waking up at last,

and is putting in some stronger work ; nothing very strenuous, but lively enough to warn Jack that he must have his head about him if he hopes to keep his lead to the end. One thing is certain now : Tom will have to row faster or give in ; after which reflection Jack slightly quickens his stroke, and without actually spurting bends every muscle.

14. Now or never ! They are only half a mile from home, and a waiting race may be delayed too long. Already they are within ear-shot of the encouraging shouts of the crews and scullers on either side of their path, who have come out to meet them and are rowing back to be in at the finish. Now or never ! Will Tom be able to quicken his pace ? That is the question. He does quicken it, so much so that he is rowing desperately fast with short lightning strokes, which come so rapidly that it is difficult to note the interval between them.

15. "Steady now," murmurs Jack between his teeth. He knows from Tom's exertions that his rival is spurting and putting all his vitality into his pace. A terrible moment of sustained effort follows, at the end of which the leader lashes the air with a misplaced stroke, the water splashes, and our hero's shell surging forward comes on a level with its forerunner, battles with it for twenty yards of struggling agony on the part of the doomed champion, and leaps to the front at last, just in time to meet the sweet music of the prolonged triumphant din of shouts and cheers sent down

the breeze from afar by hundreds of voices. Jack is ahead, and only a quarter of a mile left !

Tom is beaten. And now for the Doctor. Where is he? What is he doing? No need to ask that question, friend Jack, if you lift your eyes. Tom is beaten, not only by Jack but by the Doctor also, who is quickening at every stroke.

16. What a babel of cheers and exclamations bursts forth from the waving crowd along the bank and on the benches of the densely packed stand! They begin to know who is who now, and can tell beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jack and the Doctor are having a noble struggle for the lead.

“Jack Hall is ahead ! Hall ! Hall ! No, he isn’t ! Hit her up Doctor ! Hurrah for Hall ! Hurrah for the Doctor ! Tom, where are you? Bonsall ! Bonsall ! H-A-L-L ! Look out, Hall ! The Doctor wins ! No he doesn’t ! Hall wins ! Hurrah ! Jack where are you ?”

17. The Doctor has crept up, no doubt about that. The nose of his shell is now well beyond Jack’s out-rigger, and he is speeding like the wind. Jack is feeling terribly tired, his throat that he thought parched at the start burns as if it were on fire, and his eyes seem ready to start out of his head. He has vanquished Tom anyway. Jack turns his head, remembering to keep cool if he can, and sights the goal. Not more than one hundred and fifty yards left ! The reverberating yells and cheers are setting his blood ablaze. He can scarcely see, but he knows he has not

spurted yet. He is neck and neck with the Doctor now. There can be nothing to choose between them.

18. "The Doctor wins!" "Not a bit of it;" "Hall wins!" "Keep it up, Doctor!" "Go in, Hall!"

The time has come now, our hero knows, to put in any spurt that is left in him. Gripping the handles of his oars like a vice and shutting his eyes, Jack throws all his vital powers into one grand effort, which, to his supreme happiness, is answered by a great roar from the shore.

"Hall! Hall! Hurrah! Nobly done, Hall! Hall wins! Row, Doctor, row!"

The Doctor is rowing with all his might, you may be sure of that; but he has not counted on the staying power of his adversary. He can do no more than he is doing, and this final spurt of Jack's, exhausting as it must have been were the race to be a quarter of a mile longer, will carry the day. The Doctor can hardly catch him now.

19. Jack has opened his eyes and takes in the situation. The din of applause is tremendous. If he can hold out for half a dozen strokes more, the victory is his.

One.

"Hall! Hall! Go in, Doctor!"

Two.

"Three cheers for Hall! One,—hurrah!—Two, hurrah!"

Three.

"Three,—hurrah! H-A-L-L!"

Four.

“Hall wins ! Hall wins !”

Five.

“Hurrah ! Huzza ! Hurrah ! Hall ! Hall ! Doctor ! Doctor !”

Six.

Panting, breathless, and bewildered by the deafening cheers, Jack shoots past the flagged buoy. He has won the race and is champion of Utopia.

ROBERT GRANT.

BOOKS AND READING.

1. Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power; or at least how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice. Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity, and restricted within a narrow circle. We can not know whom we would, and those whom we know we can not have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may by good fortune obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice, or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive, or snatch, once or twice in our lives,

the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or arresting the kind glance of a queen.

2. And yet these momentary chances we covet, and spend our years and passions and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation,—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long (kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it), in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case shelves,—we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long.

3. You may tell me perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men; and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar.

4. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces; suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words,

though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men,—this station of audience and honorable privy council you despise!

5. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay, that can not be so; for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so-called. For all books are divisible into two classes,—the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction; it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does; it is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

6. The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you can not otherwise

converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic storytelling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history,—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age.

7. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for strictly speaking they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful or necessary to-day—whether worth keeping or not is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day; so, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be in the real sense of the word a "book" at all, nor in the real sense to be "read."

8. A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a

written thing, and written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence.

The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows no one has yet said it; so far as he knows no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and melodiously, if he may; clearly at all events.

9. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing or group of things manifest to him,—this the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on rock if he could, saying: “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated like another. My life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew,—this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his “writing.” That is a “book.”

10. Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men,—by great readers, great statesmen and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, you cannot read that; that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow?

11. Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy

consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days,—the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?

12. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

13. "The place you desire," and the place *you fit yourself for*, I must also say, because, observe this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this—it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but one brief question: "Do you deserve to enter? Pass."

14. "Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand

it and you shall hear it. But on other terms? No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret. You must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence."

15. This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe, not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

16. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so, but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all, and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it.

17. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men

which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it.

18. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling and patientest fusing before you can gather one grain of the metal.

19. And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this) you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter.

20. You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that

is to say, with real accuracy,—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly.

21. A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another.

JOHN RUSKIN.

TOBY VECK'S DINNER.

PART I.

1. He was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited just outside the church door for jobs.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in, in the winter time, as Toby Veck well knew. They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but

that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously.

2. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him, to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

3. Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted.

The very thing he was in the act of doing one cold day, when the last drowsy sound of Twelve o'clock just struck, was humming like a melodious monster of a bee, and not by any means a busy bee, all through the steeple!

"Dinner-time, eh!" said Toby, trotting up and down before the church. "Ah!"

4. Toby's nose was very red, and his eyelids were very red, and he winked very much, and his shoulders were very near his ears, and his legs were very stiff, and altogether he was evidently a long way upon the frosty side of cool.

"Dinner-time, eh!" repeated Toby, using his right hand muffler like an infantine boxing-glove, and punishing his chest for being cold. "Ah-h-h-h!"

He took a silent trot, after that, for a minute or two.

5. "There's nothing," said Toby, breaking forth afresh — but here he stopped short in his trot, and with a face of great interest and some alarm, felt his nose carefully all the way up. It was but a little way (not being much of a nose) and he had soon finished.

6. "I thought it was gone," said Toby, trotting off again. "It's all right, however. I am sure I couldn't blame it if it was to go. It has a precious hard service of it in the bitter weather, and precious little to look forward to; for I don't take snuff myself. It's a good deal tried, poor creetur, at the best of times; for when it does get hold of a pleasant whiff or so (which an't too often), it's generally from somebody else's dinner, a coming home from the baker's."

7. The reflection reminded him of that other reflection, which he had left unfinished.

"There's nothing," said Toby, "more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less regular in its coming round than dinner. That's the great difference between 'em. It's took me a long time to find it out. I wonder whether it would be worth any gentleman's while, now, to buy that obserwation for the Papers; or the Parliament!"

8. Toby was only joking, for he gravely shook his head in self-depreciation.

"Why!" said Toby. "The Papers is full of observations as it is; and so's the Parliament. Here's last week's paper, now; but it almost goes against the grain with me to read a paper now. It frightens me almost. I don't know what we poor people are coming to."

9. "Why, father, father!" said a pleasant voice, hard by.

"It seems as if we can't go right, or do right, or be righted," said Toby. "I hadn't much schooling, myself, when I was young; and I can't make out whether we have any business on the face of the earth, or not. Sometimes I think we must have — a little; and sometimes I think we must be intruding."

10. "Why, father, father!" said the pleasant voice again.

Toby heard it this time; started; stopped; and shortening his sight, which had been directed a long way off as seeking the enlightenment in the very heart of the approaching year, found himself face to face with his own child, and looking close into her eyes.

11. Bright eyes they were. Eyes that would bear a world of looking in, before their depth was fathomed. Dark eyes, that reflected back the eyes which searched them; not flashingly, or at the owner's will, but with a clear, calm, honest, patient radiance, claiming kindred with that light which Heaven called into being. Eyes that were beautiful and true, and beaming with Hope. With Hope so young and fresh; with Hope so buoyant,

vigorous, and bright, despite the twenty years of work and poverty on which they had looked; that they became a voice to Trotty Veck, and said: "I think we have some business here — a little!"

12. Trotty kissed the lips belonging to the eyes, and squeezed the blooming face between his hands.

"Why, Pet," said Trotty. "What's to do? I didn't expect you to-day, Meg."

"Neither did I expect to come, father," cried the girl, nodding her head and smiling as she spoke. "But here I am! And not alone; not alone!"

"Why, you don't mean to say," observed Trotty, looking curiously at a covered basket which she carried in her hand, "that you ——"

13. "Smell it, father dear," said Meg. "Only smell it!"

Trotty was going to lift up the cover at once, in a great hurry, when she gayly interposed her hand.

"No, no, no," said Meg, with the glee of a child. "Lengthen it out a little. Let me just lift up the corner; just the lit-tle ti-ny cor-ner, you know," said Meg, suiting the action to the word with the utmost gentleness, and speaking very softly, as if she were afraid of being overheard by something inside the basket; "there. Now. What's that?"

14. Toby took the shortest possible sniff at the edge of the basket, and cried out in a rapture:

"Why, it's hot!"

"It's burning hot!" cried Meg. "Ha, ha, ha! It's scalding hot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Toby, with a sort of kick. "It's scalding hot"

15. "But what is it, father?" said Meg. "Come. You haven't guessed what it is. And you must guess what it is. I can't think of taking it out, till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry! Wait a minute! A little bit more of the cover. Now guess!"

Meg was in a perfect fright lest he should guess right too soon; shrinking away, as she held the basket towards him; curling up her pretty shoulders; stopping her ear with her hand, as if by so doing she could keep the right word out of Toby's lips; and laughing softly the whole time.

16. Meanwhile Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket, and took a long inspiration at the lid; the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

"Ah! It's very nice," said Toby. "It an't—I suppose it an't Polonies?"

"No, no, no!" cried Meg, "delighted. "Nothing like Polonies!"

TOBY VECK'S DINNER.

PART II.

1. "No," said Toby, after another sniff. "It's — it's mellowier than Polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for Trotters. An't it?"

Meg was in an ecstasy. He could not have gone wider of the mark than Trotters — except Polonies.

"Liver?" said Toby, communing with himself. "No. There's a mildness about it that don't answer to liver. Pettitoes? No. It an't faint enough for pettitoes. It wants the stringiness of Cocks' heads. And I know it an't sausages. I'll tell you what it is. It's chitterlings!"

2. "No, it an't!" cried Meg, in a burst of delight. "No, it an't!"

"Why, what am I a-thinking of!" said Toby, suddenly recovering a position as near the perpendicular as it was possible for him to assume. "I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe!"

Tripe it was; and Meg, in high joy, protested he should say, in half a minute more, it was the best tripe ever stewed.

3. "And so," said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father; for

I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket-handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me; is there, father?"

4. "Not that I know of, my dear," said Toby. "But they're always a-bringing up some new law or other."

"And' according to what I was reading you in the paper the other day, father; what the Judge said, you know; we poor people are supposed to know them all. Ha, ha! What a mistake! My goodness me, how clever they think us!"

5. "Yes my dear," cried Trotty; "and they'd be very fond of any one of us that *did* know 'em all. He'd grow fat upon the work he'd get, that man, and be popular with the gentlefolks in his neighborhood. Very much so!"

"He'd eat his dinner with an appetite, whoever he was, if it smelt like this," said Meg, cheerfully. "Make haste, for there's a hot potato besides. Where will you dine, father? On the Post, or on the Steps? Dear, dear, how grand we are. Two places to choose from!"

6. "The steps to-day, my Pet," said Trotty. "Steps in dry weather. Post in wet. There's a greater conveniency in the steps at all times, because of the sitting down; but they're rheumatic in the damp."

"Then here," said Meg, clapping her hands, after a moment's bustle; "here it is, all ready! And beautiful it looks! Come, father. Come!" *

7. As he was stooping to sit down, the Chimes rang.

"Amen!" said Trotty, pulling off his hat and looking up towards them.

"Amen to the Bells, father?" cried Meg.

"They broke in like a grace, my dear," said Trotty, taking his seat. "They'd say a good one, I am sure, if they could. Many's the kind thing they say to me."

"The bells do, father?" laughed Meg, as she set the basin, and a knife and fork before him. "Well!"

8. "Seem to, my Pet," said Trotty, falling to with great vigor. "And where's the difference? If I hear 'em, what does it matter, whether they speak it or not? Why bless you, my dear," said Toby, pointing at the tower with his fork, and becoming more animated under the influence of dinner, "how often have I heard them bells say, 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby! Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!' A million times? More!"

9. "Well, I never!" cried Meg.

She had though—over and over again. For it was Toby's constant topic.

"When things is very bad," said Trotty; "very bad indeed, I mean; almost at the worst; then it's 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby! Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby!' That way."

"And it comes—at last, father," said Meg, with a touch of sadness in her pleasant voice.

"Always," answered the unconscious Toby. "Never fails."

10. While this discourse was holding, Trotty made no pause in his attack upon the savory meat before him, but cut and ate, and cut and drank, and cut and chewed, and dodged about, from tripe to hot potato, and from hot potato back again to tripe, with an unctuous and unflagging relish. But happening now to look all round the street — in case anybody should be beckoning from any door or window, for a porter — his eyes, in coming back again, encountered Meg, sitting opposite to him, with her arms folded, and only busy in watching his progress with a smile of happiness.

11. "Why, Lord forgive me!" said Trotty, dropping his knife and fork. "My dove! Meg! why didn't you tell me what a beast I was?"

"Father?"

"Sitting here," said Trotty in penitent explanation, "cramming, and stuffing and gorging myself; and you before me there, never so much as breaking your precious fast, nor wanting to when —"

"But I have broken it, father, interposed his daughter laughing, "all to bits. I have had my dinner."

12. "Nonsense," said Trotty. "Two dinners in one day! It an't possible! You might as well tell me that two New Years' Days will come together, or that I have had a gold head all my life, and never changed it."

"I have had my dinner, father, for all that," said

Meg, coming nearer to him. "And if you'll go on with yours, I'll tell you how and where; and how your dinner came to be brought; and — and something else besides."

13. Toby still appeared incredulous; but she looked into his face with her clear eyes, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, motioned him to go on while the meat was hot. So Trotty took up his knife and fork again, and went to work. But much more slowly than before, and shaking his head, as if he were not at all pleased with himself.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio bath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,

without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayest thou? — Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salanio. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. —

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have any loss at sea or no?

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend

money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond. .

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

Shylock. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter A SERVANT.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO, and SERVANT.

Shylock. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shylock. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her car! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? — Why, so; and I know not how much is spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shylock. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal! — Good news, good news! ha, ha! — Where? In Genoa?

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. ' I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! four-score ducats!

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it, I'll plague him; I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquois; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.]

SHAKESPEARE.

A CONNECTICUT CHURCH OF THE OLDEN TIME.

1. The country church is a square old building of wood without paint or decoration, and of that genuine Puritanic stamp which is now fast giving way to Greek porticos and to cockney towers. It stands

upon a hill, with a little churchyard in its rear, where one or two sickly-looking trees keep watch and ward over the vagrant sheep that graze among the graves. Bramble-bushes seem to thrive on the bodies below, and there is no flower in the graveyard, save a few golden-rods, which flaunt their gaudy inodorous color under the lee of the northern wall.

2. New England country-livers have as yet been very little inoculated with the sentiment of beauty; even the door step to the church is a wide flat stone, that shows not a single stroke of the hammer. Within, the simplicity is even more severe. Brown galleries run around three sides of the old building, supported by timbers, on which you still trace, under the stains from the leaky roof, the deep scoring of the woodman's axe.

3. Below, the unpainted pews are ranged in square forms, and by age have gained the color of those fragmentary wrecks of cigar boxes which you see upon the top shelves in the bar-rooms of country taverns. The minister's desk is lofty, and has once been honored with a coating of paint;—as well as the huge sounding-board, which to your great amazement protrudes from the wall at a very dangerous angle of inclination over the speaker's head. As the Squire's pew is in the place of honor to the right of the pulpit, you have a little tremor yourself at sight of the heavy sounding-board, and cannot forbear indulging in a quiet feeling of relief when the last prayer is said.

4. There are in the Squire's pew long, faded crimson cushions, which, it seems to you, must date back nearly to the commencement of the Christian era in this country. There are also sundry old thumb-worn copies of Dr. Dwight's Version of the Psalms of David,—"appointed to be sung in churches by authority of the General Association of the State of Connecticut." The sides of Doctor Dwight's Version are, you observe, sadly warped and weather stained; and from some stray figures, which appear upon a fly leaf, you are constrained to think that the Squire has sometimes employed a quiet interval of the service with reckoning up the contents of the old stocking leg at home.

5. The parson is a stout man, remarkable in your opinion chiefly for a yellowish-brown wig, a strong nasal tone, and occasional violent thumps upon the little, dingy, red velvet cushion, studded with brass tacks, at the top of the desk. You do not altogether admire his style; and by the time he has entered upon his "Fourthly," you give your attention in despair to a new reading (it must be the twentieth) of the preface of Dr. Dwight's Version of the Psalms.

6. The singing has a charm for you. There is a long, thin-faced, flax-haired man, who carries a tuning fork in his waist-coat pocket, and who leads the choir. His position is in the very front rank of gallery benches facing the desk; and by the time the old clergyman has read two verses of the psalm, the country chorister turns around to his little group of aids—consisting of

the blacksmith, a caroty-headed schoolmaster, two women in snuff-colored silks, and a girl in pink bonnet—to announce the tune.

7. This being done in an authoritative manner, he lifts his long music book—clears his throat by a powerful ahem, followed by a powerful use of a bandana pocket handkerchief,—draws out his tuning fork, and waits for the parson to close his reading. He now reviews once more his company,—throws a reproving glance at the young woman in the pink hat, who at the moment is biting off a stout bunch of fennel,—lifts his music book,—thumps upon the rail with his fork,—listens keenly,—gives a slight ahem,—falls into the cadence,—swells into a strong crescendo,—catches at the first word of the line as if he were afraid it might get away,—turns to his company,—lifts his music book with spirit, gives it a powerful slap with his disengaged hand, and with a majestic toss of the head soars away, with half the women below straggling on in his wake, into some such brave old melody as—Litchfield.

8. Being a visitor, and in the Squire's pew, you are naturally an object of considerable attention to the girls about your age, as well as to a great many fat old ladies in iron spectacles, who mortify you excessively by patting you under the chin after church; and insist upon mistaking you for Frank; and force upon you very dry cookies spiced with caraway seeds.

9 The farmers you have a high respect for,—

particularly for one ruddy-faced old gentleman in a brown surtout, who brings his whip into church with him, who sings in a very strong voice, and who drives a span of colts. You think, however, that he has got rather a stout wife; and from the way he humors her in stopping to talk with two or three other fat women, before setting off for home (though he seems a little fidgety,) you naively think that he has a high regard for her opinion.

10. Another townsman who attracts your notice is a stout old deacon who, before entering, always steps around the corner of the church, and puts his hat upon the ground, to adjust his wig in a quiet way. He then marches up the broad aisle in a stately manner, and plants his hat and a big pair of buckskin mittens on the little table under the desk. When he is fairly seated in his corner of the pew, with his elbow upon the top rail,—almost the only man who can comfortably reach it,—you observe he spreads his brawny fingers over his scalp in an exceedingly cautious manner; and you innocently think again that it is very hypocritical in a deacon to be pretending to lean upon his hand when he is only keeping his wig straight.

11. After the morning's service they have an "hour's intermission," as the preacher calls it; during which the old men gather on the sunny side of the building, and after shaking hands all around, and asking after the "folks" at home, they enjoy a quiet talk about the crops. One man, for instance, with a twist in his nose,

would say, "It's raether a growin' season;" and another would reply, "Tolerable, but potatoes is feelin' the wet badly." The stout deacon approves this opinion, and confirms it by blowing his nose very powerfully.

12. Two or three of the more worldly-minded ones will perhaps stroll over to a neighbor's barn-yard, and take a look at his young stock, and talk of prices, and whittle a little; and very likely some two of them will make a conditional "swop" of "three likely ye'rlings," for a pair of "two year olds."

13. The youngsters are fond of getting out into the graveyard, and comparing jack-knives, or talking about the schoolmaster, or the menagerie, or, it may be, of some prospective "travel" in the fall,—either to town or perhaps to the "seashore."

14. Afternoon service hangs heavily; and the tall chorister is by no means so blithe, or so majestic in the toss of his head, as in the morning. A boy in the next box tries to provoke you into familiarity by dropping pellets of gingerbread through the bars of the pew; but as you are not accustomed to that way of making acquaintance, you decline all his overtures.

15. After the service is finished, the wagons that have been disposed on either side of the road, are drawn up before the door. The old squire meantime is sure to have a little chat with the parson before he leaves; in the course of which the parson takes occasion to say that his wife is a little ailing,—“a slight touch,” he thinks, “of the rheumatiz.” One of the

children, too, has been troubled with some complaint for a day or two; but he thinks that a dose of catnip under Providence, will effect a cure.

16. The younger and unmarried men, with red wagons flaming upon bright yellow wheels, make great efforts to drive off in the van; and they spin frightfully near some of the fat, sour-faced women, who remark in a quiet, but not very Christian tone, that they "fear the elder's sermon has n't done the young bucks much good." It is much to be feared that it has not.

17. In ten minutes the church is thoroughly deserted; the neighbor who keeps the key has locked up for another week the creaking door; and nothing of the service remains within, except—Dr. Dwight's Version, the long music books,—crumbs of gingerbread and refuse stalks of despoiled fennel.

18. Let not anyone suppose I would cast obloquy or a sneer upon its simplicity or upon its lack of refinement. Goodness and strength in this world are quite as apt to wear rough coats as fine ones. And the words of thorough and self-sacrificing kindness are far more often dressed in the uncouth sounds of retired life than in the polished utterances of the town. Heaven has not made warm hearts and honest hearts distinguishable by the quality of the covering. True diamonds need no work of the artificer to reflect or multiply their rays. Goodness is more within than without; and purity is of nearer kin to the soul than to the body. DONALD G. MITCHELL.

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

I.

Take courage, temperance workers;
You shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the people's prayers
Are rising from your deck.
Wait cheerily, temperance workers,
For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder in His hand.

II.

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
The good of old with shadowy hands,
Are pulling at your ropes.
Behind you, holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before you, unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

III.

Courage! Your work is holy;
God's errands never fail.
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail!
Work on! sail on! the morning comes,
The port you yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The ship of temperance in.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSIQUE-ANIMATION.

THE CHASE.

1. The supper was ready laid, the chairs were drawn round the table, and everything betokened the approach of the most convivial period in the whole four-and-twenty hours.

"Where's Rachael?" said Mr. Wardle.

"Ay, and Jingle?" added Mr. Pickwick.

"Dear me," said the host, "I wonder I haven't missed him before. Why, I don't think I've heard his voice for two hours at least. Emily, my dear, ring the bell."

The bell was rung, and the fat boy appeared.

2. "Where's Miss Rachael?" He couldn't say.

"Where's Mr. Jingle then?" He didn't know.

Everybody looked surprised. It was late—past eleven o'clock. Mr. Tupman laughed in his sleeve. They were loitering somewhere, talking about *him*. Ha, ha! capital notion that—funny.

3. "Never mind," said Wardle, after a short pause, "they'll turn up presently, I dare say. I never wait supper for anybody."

"Excellent rule that," said Mr. Pickwick, "admirable."

"Pray, sit down," said the host.

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick; and down they sat.

4. There was a gigantic round of cold beef on the table, and Mr. Pickwick was supplied with a plentiful portion of it. He had raised his fork to his lips, and was on the very point of opening his mouth for the reception of a piece of beef, when the hum of many voices suddenly arose in the kitchen. He paused, and laid down his fork. Mr. Wardle paused too, and insensibly released his hold of the carving-knife, which remained inserted in the beef. He looked at Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Pickwick looked at him.

5. Heavy footsteps were heard in the passage; the parlor door was suddenly burst open, and the man who had cleaned Mr. Pickwick's boots on his first arrival, rushed into the room, followed by the fat boy, and all the domestics.

"What's the meaning of this?" exclaimed the host.

"The kitchen chimney ain't afire, is it Emma?" inquired the old lady.

6. "Lor grandma! No," screamed both the young ladies.

"What's the matter?" roared the master of the house.

The man gasped for breath, and faintly ejaculated—

"They ha' gone Mas'r!—gone right clean off, sir!" (At this juncture Mr. Tupman was observed to lay down his knife and fork, and to turn very pale.)

7. "Who's gone?" said Mr. Wardle, fiercely.

"Mas'r Jingle and Miss Rachael, in a po'-chay, from Blue Lion, Muggleton. I was there; but I couldn't stop 'em; so I run off to tell'ee."

"I paid his expenses!" said Mr. Tupman, jumping up frantically. "He's got ten pounds of mine!—stop him!—he's swindled me!—I won't bear it!—I'll have justice, Pickwick!—I won't stand it!" and with sundry incoherent exclamations of the like nature, the unhappy gentleman spun round and round the apartment in a transport of frenzy.

8. "Lord preserve us!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, eying the extraordinary gestures of his friend with terrified surprise. "He's gone mad! What shall we do?"

"Do!" said the stout old host, who regarded only the last words of the sentence. "Put the horse in the gig! I'll get a chaise at the Lion, and follow 'em instantly."

9. "Don't let him go alone!" screamed the females.

"I'll go with him," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You're a good fellow, Pickwick," said the host, grasping his hand. "Emma, give Mr. Pickwick a shawl to tie around his neck—make haste. Look after your grandmother, girls; she has fainted away. Now then, are you ready?"

10. Mr. Pickwick's mouth and chin having been hastily enveloped in a large shawl; his hat having been

put on his head, and his great coat thrown over his arm, he replied in the affirmative.

They jumped into the gig. "Give her her head, Tom," cried the host; and away they went, down the narrow lanes; jolting in and out of the cart-ruts, and bumping up against the hedges on either side, as if they would go to pieces every moment.

11. "How much are they ahead?" shouted Wardle, as they drove up to the door of the Blue Lion, round which a little crowd had collected, late as it was.

"Not above three-quarters of an hour," was everybody's reply.

"Chaise-and-four directly!—out with 'em! Put up the gig afterward."

12. "Now, boys!" cried the landlord—"chaise-and-four out—make haste—look alive there!"

Away ran the hostlers and the boys. The lanterns glimmered, as the men ran to and fro; the horses' hoofs clattered on the uneven paving of the yard; the chaise rumbled as it was drawn out of the coach-house; and all was noise and bustle.

"Now then—is that chaise coming out to-night?" cried Wardle.

"Coming down the yard now, sir," replied the hostler.

13. Out came the chaise—in went the horses—on sprung the boys—in got the travelers.

"Mind—the seven mile stage in less than half an hour!" shouted Wardle.

“Off with you!”

The boys applied whip and spur, the waiters shouted, the hostlers cheered, and away they went, fast and furiously.

14. “Pretty situation,” thought Mr. Pickwick, when he had had a moment’s time for reflection. “Pretty situation for the General Chairman of the Pickwick Club. Damp chaise — strange horses — fifteen miles an hour — and twelve o’clock at night!”

15. For the first three or four miles not a word was spoken by either of the gentlemen, each being too much immersed in his own reflections to address any observations to his companion. When they had gone over that much ground, however, and the horses getting thoroughly warmed began to do their work in really good style, Mr. Pickwick became too much exhilarated with the rapidity of the motion to remain any longer perfectly mute.

16. “We’re sure to catch them, I think,” said he.

“Hope so,” replied his companion.

“Fine night,” said Mr. Pickwick, looking up at the moon, which was shining brightly.

“So much the worse,” returned Wardle; “for they’ll have had all the advantage of the moonlight to get the start of us, and we shall lose it. It will have got down in another hour.”

17. “It will be rather unpleasant going at this rate in the dark, won’t it?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“I dare say it will,” replied his friend dryly.

Mr. Pickwick's temporary excitement began to sober down a little, as he reflected upon the inconveniences and dangers of the expedition in which he had so thoughtlessly embarked. He was roused by a loud shouting of the post-boy^a on the leader.

"Yo — yo — yo — yo — yoe!" went the first boy.

"Yo — yo — yo — yoe!" went the second.

18. "Yo — yo — yo — yoe!" chimed in old Wardle himself, most lustily, with his head and half his body out of the coach window.

"Yo — yo — yo — yoe!" shouted Mr. Pickwick, taking up the burden of the cry, though he had not the slightest notion of its meaning or object. And amidst the yo — yoeing of the whole four, the chaise stopped.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"There's a gate here," replied old Wardle. "We shall hear something of the fugitives."

19. After a lapse of five minutes, consumed in incessant knocking and shouting, an old man in his shirt and trousers emerged from the turnpike-house, and opened the gate.

"How long is it since a post-chaise went through here?" inquired Mr. Wardle.

"How long?"

"Ah!"

"Why, I don't rightly know. It worn't a long time ago, nor it worn't a short time ago — just between the two, perhaps."

20. "Has any chaise been by at all?"

"Oh yes, there's been a shay by."

"How long ago, my friend," interposed Mr. Pickwick; "an hour?"

"Ah, I dare say it might be," replied the man.

"Or two hours?" inquired the post-boy on the wheeler.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if it was," returned the old man doubtfully.

"Drive on, boys," cried the testy old gentleman; "don't waste any more time with that old idiot!"

21. "Idiot!" exclaimed the old man with a grin, as he stood in the middle of the road with the gate half-closed, watching the chaise which rapidly diminished in the increasing distance. "No — not much o' that either; you've lost ten minutes here and gone away as wise as you came, arter all. If every man on the line as has a guinea give him, earns it half as well, you won't catch t'other shay this side Mich'lmas, old short-and-fat." And with another prolonged grin, the old man closed the gate, re-entered his house, and bolted the door after him.

22. Meanwhile the chaise proceeded, without any slackening of pace, toward the conclusion of the stage. The moon, as Wardle had foretold, was rapidly on the wane; large tiers of dark, heavy clouds, which had been gradually over-spreading the sky for some time past, now formed one black mass overhead; and large drops of rain, which pattered every now and then against the windows of the chaise, seemed to warn the travelers

of the rapid approach of a stormy night. The wind, too, which was directly against them, swept in furious gusts down the narrow road, and howled dismally through the trees which skirted the pathway. Mr. Pickwick drew his coat closer about him, coiled himself more snugly up into the corner of the chaise, and fell into a sound sleep, from which he was only awakened by the stopping of the vehicle, the sound of the hostler's bell, and a loud cry of "Horses on directly!"

THE CHASE.

PART II.

1. But here another delay occurred. The boys were sleeping with such mysterious soundness that it took five minutes apiece to wake them. The hostler had somehow or other mislaid the key of the stable, and even when that was found two sleepy helpers put the wrong harness on the wrong horses, and the whole process of harnessing had to be gone through afresh. Had Mr. Pickwick been alone, these multiplied obstacles would have completely put an end to the pursuit at once, but old Wardle was not to be so easily daunted; and he laid about him with such hearty goodwill, cuffing this man and pushing that; strapping a buckle here, and taking in a link there, that the chaise was ready in a much shorter time than could reasonably have been expected under so many difficulties.

2. They resumed their journey; and certainly the prospect before them was by no means encouraging. The stage was fifteen miles long, the night was dark, the wind high, and the rain pouring in torrents. It was impossible to make any great way against such obstacles united: it was hard upon one o'clock already; and nearly two hours were consumed in getting to the end of the stage. Here, however, an object presented itself, which rekindled their hopes, and reanimated their drooping spirits.

3. "When did this chaise come in?" cried old Wardle, leaping out of his own vehicle, and pointing to one covered with wet mud, which was standing in the yard.

"Not a quarter of an hour ago, sir;" replied the hostler, to whom the question was addressed.

"Lady and gentleman?" inquired Wardle, almost breathless with impatience.

"Yes, sir."

"Tall gentleman—dress coat—long legs—thin body?"

"Yes, sir."

"Elderly lady—thin face—rather skinny—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

4. "By heavens, it's the couple, Pickwick!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Would have been here before," said the hostler, "but they broke a trace."

"It is!" said Wardle, "it is, by Jove! Chaise-and-

four instantly! We shall catch them yet, before they reach the next stage. A guinea apiece, boys—be alive there—bustle about—there's good fellows."

5. And with such admonitions as these, the old gentleman ran up and down the yard, and bustled to and fro, in a state of excitement which communicated itself to Mr. Pickwick also; and under the influence of which, that gentleman got himself into complicated entanglements with harness, and mixed up with horses and wheels of chaises, in a most surprising manner, firmly believing that by so doing he was materially forwarding the preparations for their resuming their journey.

6. "Jump in—jump in!" cried old Wardle, climbing into the chaise, pulling up the steps, and slamming the door after him. "Come along! Make haste!" And before Mr. Pickwick knew precisely what he was about, he felt himself forced in at the other door, by one pull from the old gentleman, and one push from the hostler; and off they were again.

7. "Ah! we *are* moving now," said the old gentleman exultingly. They were indeed, as was sufficiently testified to by Mr. Pickwick, by his constant collisions either with the hard wood-work of the chaise, or the body of his companion.

"Hold up!" said the stout old Mr. Wardle, as Mr. Pickwick dived head foremost into his capacious waist-coat.

"I never did feel such a jolting in my life," said Mr. Pickwick.

8. "Never mind," replied his companion, "it will soon be over. Steady, steady."

Mr. Pickwick planted himself in his own corner, as firmly as he could; and on whirled the chaise faster than ever.

They had traveled in this way about three miles, when Mr. Wardle, who had been looking out of the window for two or three minutes, suddenly drew in his face, covered with splashes, and exclaimed in breathless eagerness—

"Here they are!"

9. Mr. Pickwick thrust his head out of his window. Yes; there was a chaise-and-four, a short distance before them, dashing along at full gallop.

"Go on, go on!" almost shrieked the old gentleman. "Two guineas apiece, boys—don't let them gain on us—keep it up—keep it up!"

The horses in the first chaise started on at their utmost speed; and those in Mr. Wardle's galloped furiously behind them.

10. "I see his head," exclaimed the choleric old man. "I see his head."

"So do I," said Mr. Pickwick, "that's he."

Mr. Pickwick was not mistaken. The countenance of Mr. Jingle, completely coated with the mud thrown up by the wheels, was plainly discernible at the window of his chaise; and the motion of his arm, which he

was waving violently toward the postilions, denoted that he was encouraging them to increased exertion.

11. The interest was intense. Fields, trees, and hedges seemed to rush past them with the velocity of a whirlwind, so rapid was the pace at which they tore along. They were close by the side of the first chaise. Jingle's voice could be plainly heard, even above the din of the wheels, urging on the boys. Old Mr. Wardle foamed with rage and excitement. He roared out scoundrels, and villains by the dozen, clinched his fist and shook it expressively at the object of his indignation; but Mr. Jingle only answered with a contemptuous smile, and replied to his menaces by a shout of triumph, as his horses, answering the increased application of whip and spur, broke into a faster gallop and left the pursuers behind.

12. Mr. Pickwick had just drawn in his head, and Mr. Wardle, exhausted with shouting, had done the same, when a tremendous jolt threw them forward against the front of the vehicle. There was a sudden bump—a loud crash—away rolled a wheel, and over went the chaise.

After a few seconds of bewilderment and confusion, in which nothing but the plunging of horses and breaking of glass could be made out, Mr. Pickwick felt himself violently pulled out from among the ruins of the chaise, and as soon as he had gained his feet, and extricated his head from the skirts of his great-

coat, which materially impeded the usefulness of his spectacles, the full disaster of the case met his view.

13. Old Mr. Wardle without a hat, and his clothes torn in several places, stood by his side, and the fragments of the chaise lay scattered at their feet. The post-boys, who had succeeded in cutting the traces, were standing, disfigured with mud and disordered by hard riding, by the horses' heads. About a hundred yards in advance was the other chaise, which had pulled up on hearing the crash. The postilions, each with a broad grin convulsing his countenance, were viewing the adverse party from their saddles, and Mr. Jingle was contemplating the wreck from the coach window with evident satisfaction. The day was just breaking, and the whole scene was rendered perfectly visible by the gray light of the morning.

14. "Halloo!" shouted the shameless Jingle, "anybody damaged?—elderly gentleman—no light-weight—dangerous work—very."

"You're a rascal!" roared Wardle.

"Ha! ha!" replied Jingle; and then he added, with a knowing wink, and a jerk of the thumb toward the interior of the chaise—"I say—she's very well—desires her compliments—begs you won't trouble yourself—love to *Tuppy*—won't you get up behind?—drive on, boys."

CHARLES DICKENS.

*APPLEDORE IN A STORM.

How looks Appledore in a storm?

I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic,
 Butting against the mad Atlantic,
 When surge on surge would heap enorme,
 Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
 That lifted and lifted, and then let go
 A great white avalanche of thunder,
 A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
 Monadnock might have trembled under.

II.

And the island, whose rock-roots pierce below
 To where they are warmed with the central fire,
 You could feel its granite fibres racked,
 As it seemed to plunge with a shudder and thrill
 Right at the breast of the swooping hill,
 And to rise again snorting a cataract
 Of rage-froth from every cranny and ledge,
 While the sea drew its breath in hoarse and deep,
 And the next vast breaker curled its edge,
 Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

III.

North, east, and south there are reefs and breakers
 You would never dream of in smooth weather,
 That toss and gore the sea for acres,
 Bellowing and gnashing and snarling together:

*By permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IV.

Look northward, where Duck Island lies,
And over its crown you will see arise,
Against a background of slaty skies,
 A row of pillars still and white,
 That glimmer and then are out of sight
As if the moon should suddenly kiss,
 While you crossed the gusty desert by night,
The long colonnades of Persepolis.

V.

Look southward for White Island light,
 The lantern stands ninety feet o'er the tide;
There is first a half mile of tumult and fight,
Of dash and roar and tumble and fright,
 And surging bewilderment wild and wide,
Where the breakers struggle left and right,
 Then a mile or more of rushing sea,
And then the light-house slim and lone.

VI.

And whenever the weight of ocean is thrown
Full and fair on White Island head,
 A great mist-jotun you will see
 Lifting itself up silently
High and huge o'er the light-house top,
With hands of wavering spray outspread,
 Groping after the little tower,
 That seems to shrink and shorten and cower,
Till the monster's arms of a sudden drop,
 And silently and fruitlessly
 He sinks again into the sea.

VII.

You, meanwhile, where drenched you stand,
 Awaken once more to the rush and roar,
 And on the rock-point tighten your hand,
 As you turn and see a valley deep,
 That was not there a moment before,
 Suck rattling down between you and a heap
 Of toppling billow, whose instant fall
 Must sink the whole island once for all,
 Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas
 Feeling their way to you more and more;
 If they once should clutch you high as the knees,
 They would whirl you down like a sprig of kelp,
 Beyond all reach of hope or help; —
 And such in a storm is Appledore.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
FROM GHENT TO AIX.”

[16 —]

I.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 “Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 “Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

IV.

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other picked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

VIII.

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

Then cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
 good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

DOBBIN'S VICTORY.

1. Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes; that toasted his bread; others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

2. One day in private the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering over a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message of which tarts were probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my letter."

3. "You *can't*?" says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that

document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labor, and tears; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife and lived in a back parlor in Thames Street)—“you *can't*?” says Mr. Cuff.

4. “I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow?”

“Don't call names,” Dobbin said, getting off the bench, very nervous.

“Well, sir, will you go?” crowed the cock of the school.

“Put down the letter,” Dobbin replied; “no gentleman readth letterth.”

“Well, *now* will you go?” says the other.

5. “No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you,” roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden ink-stand, and looking so wicked that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat-sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

6. Some time after this interview it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighborhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favor-

ite copy of the "Arabian Nights," when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and on looking up he saw Cuff before him, belaboring a little boy.

7. It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small. "How dared you, sir, break the bottle?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

8. The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick); to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rumshrub on credit; to brave all the doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again; during the performance of which feat his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilled, his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

9. "How dare you, sir, break it?" says Cuff, "you blundering little thief! You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up, the Roc had whisked away Sinbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds, out of sight,

far into the clouds; and there was every-day life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

10. "Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little scoundrel!" cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand. Dobbin started up and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more; or I'll ——."

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast!"

11. I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him; while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch, George III., when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies; fancy brazen Goliath, when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

12. "After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look as much as to say, "Make your will,

and communicate your best wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

13. Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs," and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat; at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honor of offering the conqueror a knee.

14. "What a licking I shall get when it's over!" young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I'm used to it." But Figs, whose limbs were all in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

15. As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement

by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might — once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

16. Cuff went down this time to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove!" says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

17. Figs's left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs!" as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff!" At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defense.

18. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

19. If I had the pen of a Napier I should like to describe this combat properly. It was the last charge of the Guard (that is, *it would* have been only Waterloo had not yet taken place) — it was Ney's column

breasting the hill of La Haye Sainte, bristling with ten thousand bayonets, and crowned with twenty eagles—it was the shout of the beef-eating British, as, leaping down the hill, they rushed to hug the enemy in the savage arms of battle—in other words, Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

20. "I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green, as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

21. And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would make you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said: "It's my fault, sir—not Figs's—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys, which his defeat had nearly cost him.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.*

1. If I were here to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am about to tell you the story of a negro, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards,—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle.

2. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army until he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages the Englishman showed the greater genius.

3. Whether you will allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measure-

*By permission, from Wendell Phillips' *Speeches and Lectures*, Vol. I. Lee & Shepherd, publishers.

ment. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army until he was forty; this man never saw a soldier until he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other.

4. Yet, out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood of Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

5. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent, but it was as large as that Attica, which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further,—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not a line in the statute-book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social

life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state, than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvellous as his military genius.

6. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home, I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen,"—and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged.

7. That was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;"—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that was never broken by a victorious slave.

8. In 1846 Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever

dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846, before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting for him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world."

9. Again it was 1800 when England was poisoned on every page of her statute-book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal Communion, when every State in the Union, except Rhode Island, was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. And yet—negro, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his Committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs."

10. Now blue-eyed Saxon. proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine

admirers will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro, — rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons, — anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right; — and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

11. I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him to his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominion.

12. You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! — Not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me. — But is all this for your father?

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Celia. Oh, a good wish upon you! But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest; is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that: and do you love him because I do. Ha! here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, and
GENTLEMEN.*

Duke. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court!

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin:
Within these ten days, if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it!

Rosalind. I do beseech your grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
As I do trust I am not; then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself: —
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his
dukedom:

So was I, when your highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay;—
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Then open not thy lips:
Firm, and irrevocable, is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.

Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool. — You niece, provide yourself :

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die. [*Exit DUKE.*]

Celia. Oh, my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin ;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter ?

Rosalind. That he hath not.

Celia. No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me, that thou and I are one.
Shall we be sundered ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No ! let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go ?

Celia. To seek my uncle, in the forest of Arden.

Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves, sooner than gold.

Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire :
The like do you : so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Rosalind. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Celia. What shall I call thee, when thou art man ?

Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page;

And, therefore, look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called ?

Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state.
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we essayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Celia. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit, that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty and not to banishment.

—SHAKESPEARE.

***SHERIDAN'S RIDE.**

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan—twenty miles away !

II.

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan—twenty miles away !

III.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay
With Sheridan fifteen miles away !

IV.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Forboding to traitors the doom of disaster; .
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away !

V.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away !

VI.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs with a muttered oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzabs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;

By the flash of his eye and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

VII.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

T. B. READ.

